

Doves

"Son of a Builder"

Visit "[Son of a Builder](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Far from feeling safer
I awake at noon
Read the local paper
On a dirty afternoon
Each day they're closer
And each day I sleep

And i'm just trying to tell myself,
I've got everything I need

The bullies and the liars
Wake me up at night
They keep me in suspense
Why don't they stay well out of sight?
Fully-furnished I am
Yeah, spitting and I can't sleep

And i'm just trying to tell myself,
I've got everything I need
It's the fact that I can't help myself
And it's myself I can't deceive

I get enough protection
Lock it up inside your stalls
You think your best intentions
Then you piss it up the wall
Fully-fledged suburban
Yeah, each day it's set to repeat

And i'm just trying to tell myself,
I've got everything I need
It's the fact that I can't help myself
And it's myself I can't believe
And i'm just trying to tell myself,
I've got everything I need

And I keep trying to mend myself
And remember what is real
It's the fact that I can't help myself
And it's myself I don't believe
And i'm just trying to tell myself,

I've got everything I need

Visit [Doves](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.